

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.



ILLUSTRATED

BY CLINTON  PETERS.



Henry Weil.

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THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

MDCCC



LXXXVI.

Being the honest and only authentic
account of certain stories, as related by
the **Red Indian**, to **Alexander Selkirk, Jr.**
herein truthfully set down by
William Theodore Peters, with
pictures thereunto by **Clinton Peters**.

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BOSTON



TO
BABY BO, THE VIKING,
THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED.



*"One loves a baby face, with violets there,
Violets instead of laurel in the hair,
As those were all the little locks could bear."*

"Protus." Robert Browning.





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DESIGNED AND ARRANGED BY CLINTON PETERS.

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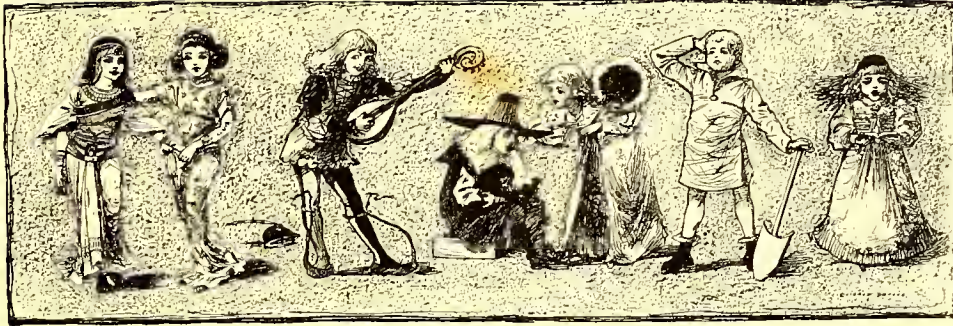


THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.



"MONDAY'S CHILD IS FAIR OF FACE;
TUESDAY'S CHILD IS FULL OF GRACE;
WEDNESDAY'S CHILD IS MERRIE AND GLAD;
THURSDAY'S CHILD IS SOUR AND SAD;
FRIDAY'S CHILD IS LOVING AND GIVING;
AND SATURDAY'S CHILD MUST WORK FOR HIS LIVING;
BUT THE CHILD THAT IS BORN ON THE SABBATH DAY
IS BLITHE, AND BONNIE, AND GOOD, AND GAY."

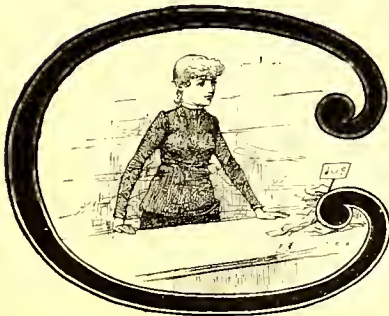
OLD RHYME.



THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK

I.

*"I'll tell you a story
About Jack A Nory,
And now my story's begun."*



HARLOTTE RUSSE was a shop-girl who received three dollars a week for selling bits of ribbon at the remnant counter of a large store on Fourteenth Street.

She wore a red jersey, and spent most of her salary on bandoline and chocolate *éclairs*.

In Williamsburgh, where she passed her nights, the

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

people never called her a shop-girl, but spoke of her respectfully as a saleslady.

The tenement where Charlotte Russe lived was on South First Street, not far from Roosevelt Ferry.

It stood directly behind another house; so that, to reach the street, Charlotte had to cross a short courtyard, and pass through the hall of this other house.

For a long time Charlotte had noticed, in one of the windows of the front house, a little lame boy, about six years old, who had silvery hair, and a very dignified, wise look.

The windows were near the pavement; and the wooden shutters attached were painted green, with slits in them like new moons.

Charlotte Russe, having read about Robinson Crusoe, and being struck by the lonely appearance of the little boy, called him Alexander Selkirk, Jr.

She used to see him every morning as she went to work, and would watch eagerly for him when she came home at night. They had never exchanged a word, and she always found him gazing seriously over the way.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Although Charlotte had not a nice discretion on the subject of dress, she possessed a good, kind heart, which is perhaps the best thing to own, after all.



Alexander was so patient, sitting there day after day, with nobody to play with but his curious thoughts, that he quite won her.

From time to time she would bring him the most incongruous presents as tributes, and lay them on the out-

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

side window-sill as she went by in the mornings. When she returned at night, they were gone; and by that sign she knew that he had received them, and was pleased.

Now it was a “jaw-breaker;” now it was a piece of patent chewing-gum, or three or four “migs;” once a



“moon-agate;” and once a pink celluloid ring, which she recognized on his first finger at their next meeting.

But Charlotte’s most successful present was a variegated verbena, planted in a tomato-can.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

This gratified Alexander exceedingly. He placed it at the window in the sunniest spot, and called it his "garden."

It began to be the busy holiday season, and Charlotte Russe was kept at the store until very late. She recompensed herself by spending more than usual for bandoline and chocolate *éclairs*.

On Christmas-eve, after she had paid her ferry-money, she had only fifty cents and a penny left in her round gray leather purse.

When she reached the hall-door of the front tenement on South First Street, she stopped, opened her purse, and took out the two coins. She jingled them once or twice in her hand, and let them slide back into the purse.

Then she changed her mind, and took the penny out again.

It was a quarter to twelve, and a beautiful starlight night.

She turned, and went out to Alexander's window.

It was as dark as Egypt inside.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

The silver rays of the moon were glinting on the



panes of glass. There was a great bustle and a dazzle of electric light on Fourth Street.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Charlotte laid the penny on the sill, which was already covered with a heavy rime of frost.

"I hope Alexander will see this in the morning," she said; "and I wish him a merry Christmas."

When Alexander woke up, Christmas had dawned,



and the whole world was glad of it. He lay and listened to the sleigh-bells coming *nearer* — NEARER — NEARER; and then growing fainter and fainter, until lost in the distance.

Some boys blowing horns in the street excited him so, that he got up out of bed, and dressed himself.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

He found some bluefish and potatoes soldered on-to a tin plate in the oven, and a pot of coffee boiling itself to destruction on the top of the stove.

His mother, who did every kind of work for ten shillings a day, had left before sunrise to assist at the cooking of a big Christmas dinner.

After finishing breakfast, he limped to the window on his crutch, and poured a little water over the "garden."

He glanced wistfully at some children who were hurrying by in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes.

"They are bound for their grandfather's, who lives around the corner," Alexander said to himself; "and they will come back with a market-basket full of presents."

It never occurred to him to be envious, or that their lot and his might have been reversed.

The people on the sidewalk had their arms loaded with bundles.

Suddenly he noticed a copper-colored spot sparkling in the frost on the outside window-sill.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

After much trouble, he pushed the sash up, for it was sticky with ice, and he was very weak.



Then he took a three-pronged fork off the table, and chopped around the spot with all his puny might.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

It was slow business, and he grew real warm and tired.



While he was still chopping, the copper-colored spot flew up and hit him coldly on the cheek, bounced into the room on the floor, and rolled under the table.

Alexander crawled down after it, caught it, and held it tight in his tiny blue hands. It was one cent.

He carried it triumphantly to the stove to thaw it out.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

"Poor little Red Indian!" he whispered, looking down at it. "You have come to spend Christmas Day with me, haven't you?"

All at once the head of the Red Indian on the copper cent turned slowly round, and *looked him squarely in the face.*



.
"Yes," replied the Red Indian abruptly, after a pause; "I have been waiting for you on the window-sill all night."

"I suppose She placed you there?" Alexander inquired.

"She did," answered the Red Indian. "I was the only one she had. She wished you a merry Christmas."

"She is a very excellent person," remarked Alexander.

"There is only one serious fault in her character," returned Alexander's visitor: "she is too ready to part with her Red Indians. But that is a common failing,

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

as I have noted while travelling from pocket-book to pocket-book."

"I have travelled myself," said Alexander, with interest: "I have been to Far Rockaway.

"Have you ever been to Far Rockaway? It is a lovely place.

"There are ever so many trees on the road, — whole forests of them, — as many as four or five together.

"You see, the way we came to get to Far Rockaway was this. A preacher-man and his wife brought a whole lot of us childern to it for a week, to keep them company. We had cake and milk and apple-sauce, and once we had ice-cream. Gracious! but the water is big down there. It rolls up all over the road.

"Some of the childern went into it; but I did not, 'cause maybe, perhaps, it might have hurted my foot."

Alexander was never so contented as when discussing the blissful week at Rockaway.

If he had been entertained by crowned heads at

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

every capital of Europe, he could hardly appear to have travelled farther.

"You must have had an extensive experience also," observed Alexander.

"Yes, indeed," answered the Red Indian: "my birthday — you may have remarked it under my collar — was in the year 1864.

"I was one of the first of a large tribe of Red Indians struck off at the Philadelphia mint.

"The crash we made in being poured out of a sack upon the floor, was louder than a load of coal emptied on the sidewalk."

"We buy our coal by the bushel, in a basket," put in Alexander.

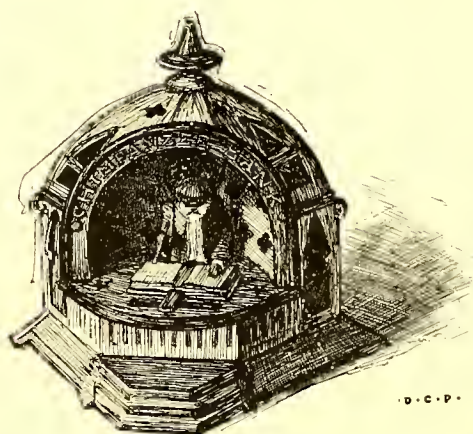
"Yes," said the Red Indian reflectively, without appearing to notice this remark, "I have seen something of life in my time.

"Ah! once I was a prize in a package of caramels. Those were proud, happy days. It is not every Red Indian who can be a prize.

"Then I lay on the nursery mantel-piece, in an iron

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bank, for nearly three weeks. There was a monkey cashier on the outside of the bank, who wore a scarlet coat, and who rang a bell, wrote rapidly in a large book, and stopped with a jerk as I was pushed in.



“I was being saved up to buy a Christmas present with for a little boy’s mamma. I believe the little boy bought a ruby glass globe for the gas-jet in the hall. I understood from the monkey cashier that he had taken the white globe to try to have it dyed, as a surprise to his mother; but, finding this impossible, had purchased the ruby glass globe instead.

“One evening in August,” the Red Indian continued,

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

“a man gave me, with seven other Red Indians, to a little girl, and sent her around after beer. The little girl dropped us, one after the other, into a tin bucket,



which the man called ‘The Growler,’ and capered over the pavement, jolting us like mad.

“A German band, which goes by the title of ‘The

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Five Lazy Brothers,' but which works as hard as, or harder perhaps than, the most of us, I take it, was playing tunes in front of the saloon as we approached; and a number of ragged children were waltzing in couples.



“The little girl who carried us in the bucket stopped to show them that she could dance the ‘One, two, three, and a kick.’

“At this, myself and my brothers became so terri-

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

bly angry, that, at the first kick, we sprang up into the air, and sped away on the sidewalk in every direction.



•D.C.P.

“I concealed myself in the gutter, near the curbstone.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

“ I heard the little girl crying bitterly at not having found me.



“ By and by a white-headed gentleman — I could see him quite plainly through a crack in the curbstone —

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

took pity on the little girl, and gave her an Indian in my place.

“This comforted the little girl at once: she entered the saloon, and in a few moments afterward came



running out with her pail of beer, and leaning over sideways, so as not to spill any.

“Her footsteps died away down the street; then I became interested in something else.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

“The night closing in, a man appeared with a ladder, and lit a street-lamp.

“About that time a great many workmen, with dinner-cans in their hands, were jogging home to supper.

“At ten o'clock the streets became very lively, and kept so until towards eleven, when the noise began to subside.

“It was after twelve o'clock in the morning, and there was nobody on the whole block but a big, lumbering night-watchman.

“I was just settling myself for a comfortable sleep, when, above my head on the curbstone, I caught a glimpse of several quaint, childish feet, passing gracefully back and forth, as though they were dancing as they sang.

“The song was this : —

“‘Monday's child is fair of face ;
Tuesday's child is full of grace ;
Wednesday's child is merrie and glad ;
Thursday's child is sour and sad ;

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Friday's child is loving and giving ;
And Saturday's child must work for his living ;
But the child that is born on the sabbath day
Is blithe, and bonnie, and good, and gay.'

"When they had finished singing, they came and sat side by side along the curbstone above my head,—seven pairs of quaint, childish feet.

"I counted them, but could see nothing else at that time.

"I gathered from their song, and from what they said, that they were the Children of the Week, and that their names were

MONDAY,

THURSDAY,

TUESDAY,

FRIDAY,

WEDNESDAY,

SATURDAY,

and SUNDAY;

that, thousands of years ago, the man who makes the almanacs had made a mistake; that, in consequence of this mistake, every few hundred years the world was

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

cheated out of an hour. That, not wishing his mistake to be discovered, that sly man who makes the almanacs, had taken no account of this in his almanacs; that, in the course of hundreds of years, the lost Hours had grown up into Days; and that, on this identical Monday night, there was a whole week of them. Here they were, seven, lost, unaccounted-for Days, sitting on the curbstone above my head."

"How delightful!" said Alexander.

"They were the most congenial people I ever listened to," answered the Red Indian. "Their conversation was charming.

"Monday, who was the first Child of the Week, related a story.

"For seven nights in succession, during which time I remained concealed in the gutter, they were on the sidewalk, promptly at half-past twelve, entertaining each other with stories and singing."

"And these tales,—you will tell them to me?" suggested Alexander.

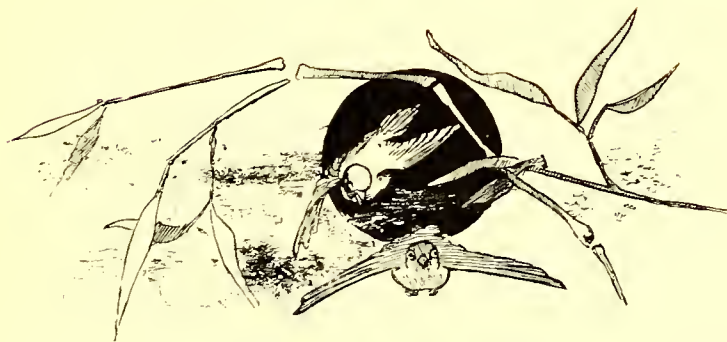
"Only one every day during the holidays," replied

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the Red Indian. "It tires me to turn my head, and my lungs are not strong; besides, in this way the stories will last longer."

"Very well, then," said Alexander. "Begin."





THE FALL OF GREAT CHUNG-KEE.

II.

THE Red Indian cleared his throat in a dignified manner.

“Stop a moment!” cried Alexander. “Are you quite thawed?”

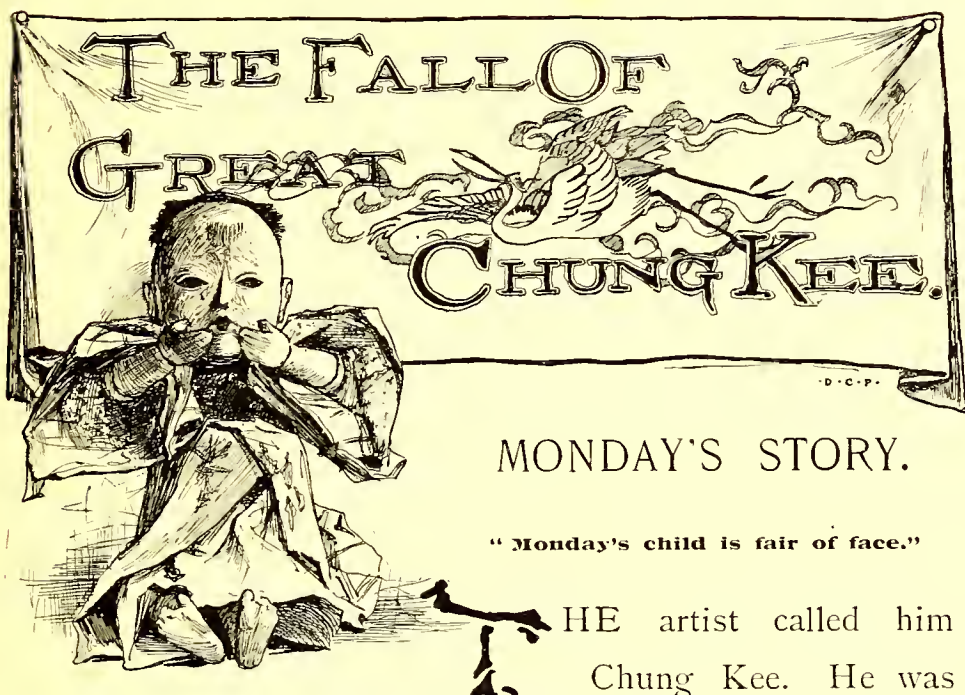
“Thank you,” said the Red Indian, “yes. I am naturally so warm-blooded, that I often burn holes in people’s pockets. But come, let us get to the story.”

“I am all attention,” replied Alexander.

The Red Indian moistened his lips with his tongue, and began:—

“It is a singular fact, now I think of it,” he said, “that I never had a good look at either of the Days of the Week. They all kept too near the curbstone.

“I did hear Monday say that she was named after the Moon, who was her godmother. After that, I heard her relate this story.



HE artist called him Chung Kee. He was a little still-life Chinese model, with looking-glass eyes, and a scarlet mouth, nicely tucked in at the corners.

There were many rich, beautiful draperies, curious vases, swinging-lamps, soft rugs, and I don't know what all, in the artist's studio; but Chung Kee was considered by far the most perfect thing there.

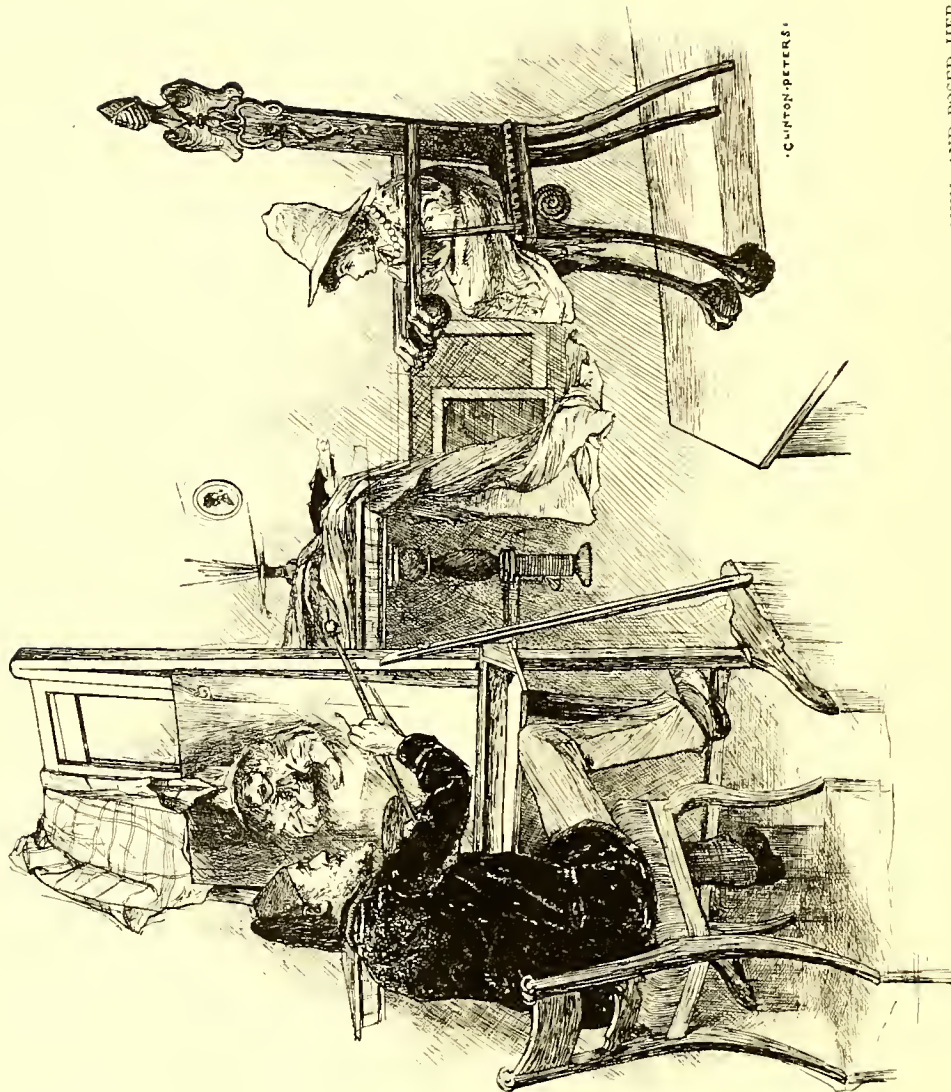
He must have been a "mandarin," or something, in his native country, he wore such a splendid buff-paper robe, shot all over with crimson poppies and olive-leaves.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Chung Kee was conscious of his high calling, for all day long there hovered about his lips a completely self-satisfied smile. The artist had made what he



called "an arrangement" out of him; that is, he had stood him on a mantel-piece covered with blue velours, in front of an old yellow sampler, in the shade of a



“WHEN THE ARTIST TIED THE STRINGS OF A BIG WHITE FRILLED NIGHT-CAP UNDER HER CHIN, AND POSED HER IN A FUNNY BIG OAK CHAIR, THE LITTLE LIVE MODEL RATHER LIKED IT.”

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

peacock fan. The artist then painted a full-length portrait of Chung Kee in this position, which he sent to the Academy, and which was decorated with the small salmon-colored ticket — *Sold* — the first day of the exhibition.

But Chung Kee was destined to have a rival. One morning a little live model walked into the studio. It was a nice, cool, shady place to come to on such a hot June day.

When the artist tied the strings of a big white frilled night-cap under her chin, and posed her in a funny big oak chair, the little live model rather liked it.

At first Chung Kee gazed down serenely from his velours mantel-piece at all this. But, when the little live model was treated by the artist to Boston chips and marshmallow drops, his parchment whistle burned with jealousy.

“He never offered them to me, and I have posed by the hour,” Chung Kee thought bitterly; “and I could not have eaten them if he had.”

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Things were growing worse and worse. The next day the little live model came again. As she did not have pretty hair, the artist in the mean time had painted in, with his clever brush, a profusion of lovely golden curls.

The little live model walked straight to the big chair, tied on the night-cap, and sat down. When it was time to rest, she looked over the artist's shoulder at the golden curls in the picture.

"That isn't me," she said, tossing her head. "My hair is berrer 'en that."

And she pulled off her night-cap to show her back hair, which was about an inch long.

Chung Kee's looking-glass eyes sparkled with cruel pleasure.

The artist, while glancing about to find something with which to amuse the little live model, met those same envious looking-glass eyes.

He went to the mantel, and, taking Chung Kee down, carried him over to show her. For a moment the two models were face to face.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Then suddenly the little live model caught him in her sticky fingers, and threw him on the floor.



It was a naughty thing to do, and it broke Chung Kee's parchment whistle.

When they lifted him up, there was a sticky stain

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

on his chin. It would not wash out. When they stood him on the blue velours mantel, under the peacock fan, his head hung down, and they could not persuade him to lift it.



• D • C

A decorative horizontal border with a scroll-like shape on the left and a series of small vertical lines on the right.

·THE·CHRISTMAS·PARTY·IN·THE·
·BACK-YARD·AND·WHO·WERE·INVITED·

III.

AS soon as his mother had gone to her work the following morning, Alexander was anxious for the Red Indian to commence.

The recital of these stories was an important event in Alexander's monotonous little life. He took the penny over near the stove.

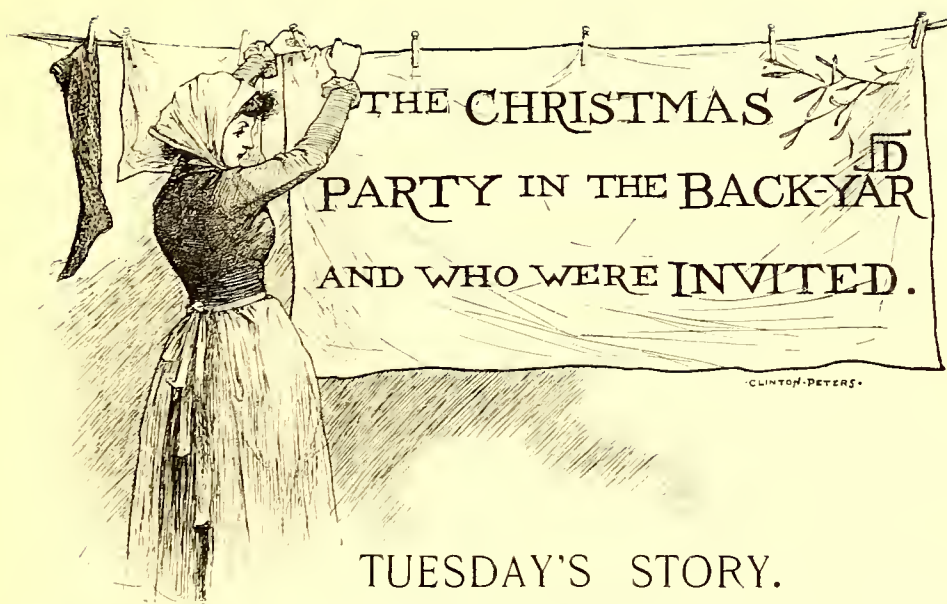
The Red Indian shook the crown of feathers on his head by way of introduction.

"The next evening they were every one there again," said the Red Indian; "and they were as gay and merry as Santa Claus

"Tuesday informed the rest that her godfather was Tyw, the Northern god of war; and that, she said, was how she came to be called Tuesday.

"Then she related a story about a flock of snow-birds, the manuscript of which, she told them, she had received from the author, who was a nervous literary old bachelor.

"This was Tuesday's story." —



TUESDAY'S STORY.

"Tuesday's child is full of grace."

I AM a lonely old bachelor. I live by myself up two flights of stairs. My window has a fine sweep of all the back-yards in the block. I sit by it sometimes, after the trouble of the day is over, and watch with interest the domestic economy of my neighbors.

I can, if I choose, take a bird's-eye view of the happy laundry-girls hanging up the clothes.

In summer-time I see corpulent gentlemen, with their coats off, reading the news.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

There is a dear old lady whom I have a great fancy for. All through flower-time, evening and morn-



ing, her broad straw hat neatly adjusted, and a basket and scissors in her kind hands, I watch her pruning and tying, watering and digging; lifting the faces of

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

the young buds as tenderly as if they were human faces, so they may readily feel the touch of God's holy dew.

I like this old lady. I once saw her give a ripe peach from the garden fence to a little boy who had climbed over to hunt for his cat.

Sometimes I catch this good soul's eye as she glances up to see how the weather is, and then she invariably smiles at me.

I have a name in my mind for every one of my neighbors.

There is a small boy in the next house to me, whom I call Samuel Todgers.

He is very prim: there is a round curl on the top of his head that looks like a wave. He never smiles: he is young, but takes life seriously.

He has just learned to walk: he walks constantly.

His mother is a stout lady, who escorts him everywhere.

I see them on the street occasionally, both in thin muslin.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Samuel balances himself upon the curbstone with great credit to his family.



There are two other children, however, more delight-

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

ful even than Samuel Todgers. They are brother and sister, and are not in the least of his temperament, for they are both born romps.

I call them little Annie Seed and Master Ben Zine.

Miss Seed has brown curls and a pair of laughing eyes. Do you know, there are very few eyes in this world that really laugh.

Master Ben Zine is strong and sturdy: his hands are almost as brown as chestnuts. He is fond of adventure.

One autumn he climbed up a steep arbor to secure a bunch of sweet grapes for Miss Seed.

I never grow tired of watching them: I feel as though a very little would make me go down into the garden and become their big brother.

On occasions Master Ben Zine is rather naughty. I shall never forget that spring morning that I went to my window with a razor in one hand and a cup of suds in the other.

Miss Seed was ignominiously seated on the ground,

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

sobbing. Master Ben Zine had wilfully chopped off the head of her favorite zinnia with a stick.

He was unconsciously imitating the Emperor Tarquin.



About six months from that time, nearly a week after Christmas, on a delightfully frosty afternoon, it chanced that I rose from my easy-chair by the hearth, and, going to the window, drew the curtain and looked out.

The beautiful, gay flower-beds in the garden below were nicely tucked under Jack Frost's snow-blankets.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

The sun made the whole scene sparkle charmingly. To be sure, the green leaves of the grape-vines had all blown away; but the stems were well laden down with long-pointed jewels of ice.

The windows of the opposite houses had patches of snow over them, which gave the appearance of ever so many eyes under heavy gray eyebrows.

And there were the children, bundled up snugly in fur and worsted, chasing about in the drifts, and pelting each other with this delicious plaything sent from heaven.

In the centre of the garden stood a tall, dark-green something, half buried under the load of feathery flakes. This was the deserted Christmas-tree.

Two huge, wooden shovels leaned against it. Oh, what lazy shovels!

As soon as Miss Seed and Master Ben caught sight of these, with a shout of joy they plunged across what used to be the garden-plot.

I beheld them flourish the shovels, or try to, and immediately fall to work making a path.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Presently they both rushed for the Christmas-tree, and, beating the snow off vigorously, with infinite labor dragged it to the centre of the garden.

Their cheeks were as crimson as Master Ben's mittens.



Just then somebody called me away into the house.

When I returned to the window, the sky was rosy with the sunset.

I threw up the sash, and leaned out on the slippery stone window-sill.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

A welcome breath of crisp, wintry air rushed over my face, and pulled my beard. I heard the ringing voices of my child friends still playing below.

Miss Seed declared that it was as cold as if they had been eating peppermint-drops.

Then there was a momentary stillness. I looked down.

What was my surprise to see, in the centre of the garden-plot, a large flock of snow-birds, hovering over a lighted Christmas-tree, heavy and loaded with innumerable little squares of bread.

There was a halo of light from the tiny, flickering candles in the green branches, reflected on the glittering, crystal snow.

In the soft splendor of the light, their sweet faces upward turned like the flowers in the old lady's garden, they were standing side by side, breathless and happy.

The sinking sun, slanting across the opposite panes, struck into flaming fire. The red glow of the sky clung to the pale stone walls and roofs of the houses.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

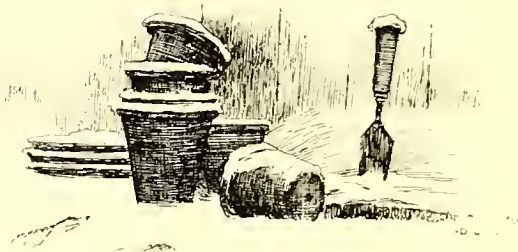
Suddenly the bells from a distant tower broke into a chime. Again I looked down. One of the two — the boy — caught sight of me. He smiled.

“We are giving the birds a Christmas party,” he said.

The flock of grateful snow-birds were still wheeling through the air, and hovering about the tree.

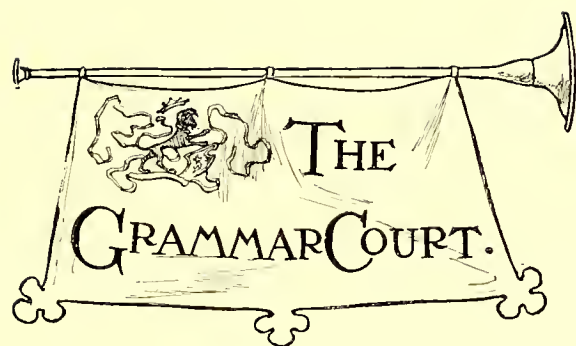
I thought of young angels singing, somewhere in the bosom of that rosy sky, their carols to the sacred season. I thought of Him who, standing in the Eastern temple, said, —

“Ye must become as little children.”





"WE ARE GIVING THE BIRDS A CHRISTMAS PARTY."



IV.

ON Wednesday, just as the Red Indian was on the point of entering upon his third story, Alexander interrupted him.

"Won't you have some refreshments?" said Alexander, pointing to a tin plate on the table, on which was a bit of chuck-steak and a morsel of potato.

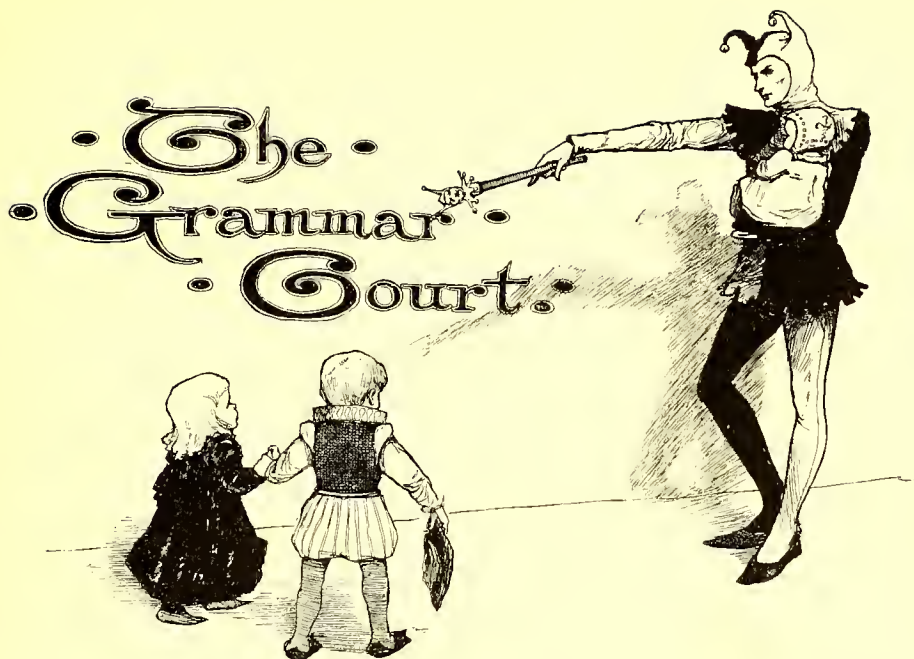
"No, I thank you. I am troubled with indigestion," answered the Red Indian, "and I have to use extreme caution in my diet.

"But listen. Wednesday began by saying that he was named after the great one-eyed Scandinavian god Woden."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Alexander.

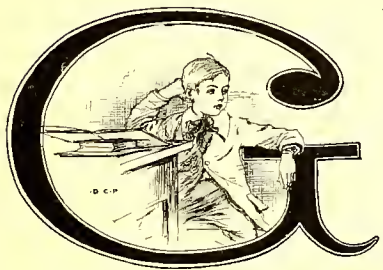
"And, by the way," proceeded the Red Indian, "it is reported that Woden, by drinking from a delicious fountain, became the wisest of gods and men; but that he purchased this distinction at the cost of his eye.

"However that may be, here is Wednesday's story."



WEDNESDAY'S STORY.

"Wednesday's child is merrie and glad."



GEORGE TULIP was a rosy-cheeked boy, with a pair of dirty hands, and a very stupid head for the nine parts of speech. In fact, as far as his knowledge of grammar went, he was a dunce; and that is a very unpleasant thing to be, especially when one gets a daily thrashing, you know.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Well, George Tulip was a dunce; and his teacher knew it, all the school knew it, and he knew it.

He felt very sulky about it on this particular day; for he had come out of school with a red, swollen



hand, and a pair of red, swollen eyes: though he would not cry about a thrashing, not he; no, no! he was too brave for that.

George Tulip lived in a nice, little house, near a nice, little village in which stood the schoolhouse; and,

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

when he went home every day, he had to go through an open field and then through a piece of woods.

It was about four o'clock on a summer afternoon. He had been kept in again, and the heat had not yet faded away. The sun looked hot and starey through the mist in George Tulip's eyes; but its saucy, knowing look put him out, for it seemed to have too much information for a well-balanced sun.

Presently he came to a fresh bit of grass, by a noble, old tree: so he threw himself down, all breathless, and rosier than ever; and, folding his inky fingers under his head, he fell to watching a domestic robin up in the tree, and thinking about the detested lessons at the same time.

"Now," said he, — for he had a great habit of talking to himself aloud, — "what good can there be in a fellow's learning that horrible stuff?"

"I'll never have the faintest idea of what it all means, I am sure, any more than that round robin up above me."

Whereupon the round robin looked very wise, as

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

if it knew what it knew. But George Tulip did not mind that, and went on talking to himself.

“I was always very shaky on the subject of fairies ; but I’m blest, if I wouldn’t like to get a glimpse of one this moment, for I don’t believe anybody else could help me.”

And just then the robin looked down from his nest, and called out, —

“You’re right, there !”

George Tulip glanced up, and, to his surprise, saw that the old tree had grown into a ragged pair of stairs ; and the round robin nodded to him as if it said as plainly as possible, —

“Come up !”

So he began climbing up. But, as fast as he climbed, it hopped on above him ; and the stairs began to grow and grow.

He kept bravely on, for he was sure that the stairs and the round robin would stop sometime, though he was rather astonished when he found the stairs making directly for the sun, and still more so

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

when, as he came near the brilliant orb of day, he saw its mouth open, like a great portcullis; and on its



huge upper lip was written, in long, black letters, —
“THE GRAMMAR COURT.”

Here the stairs stopped, and he saw the round robin go in with a crowd of gay and festive people. When he mounted to the top of the stairs, he went

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

in too. He found himself in a lofty chamber of clouds.

Away up at one end, under an immense rainbow, sat a haughty-looking king; and the gay and festive people ranged themselves on either side of him.

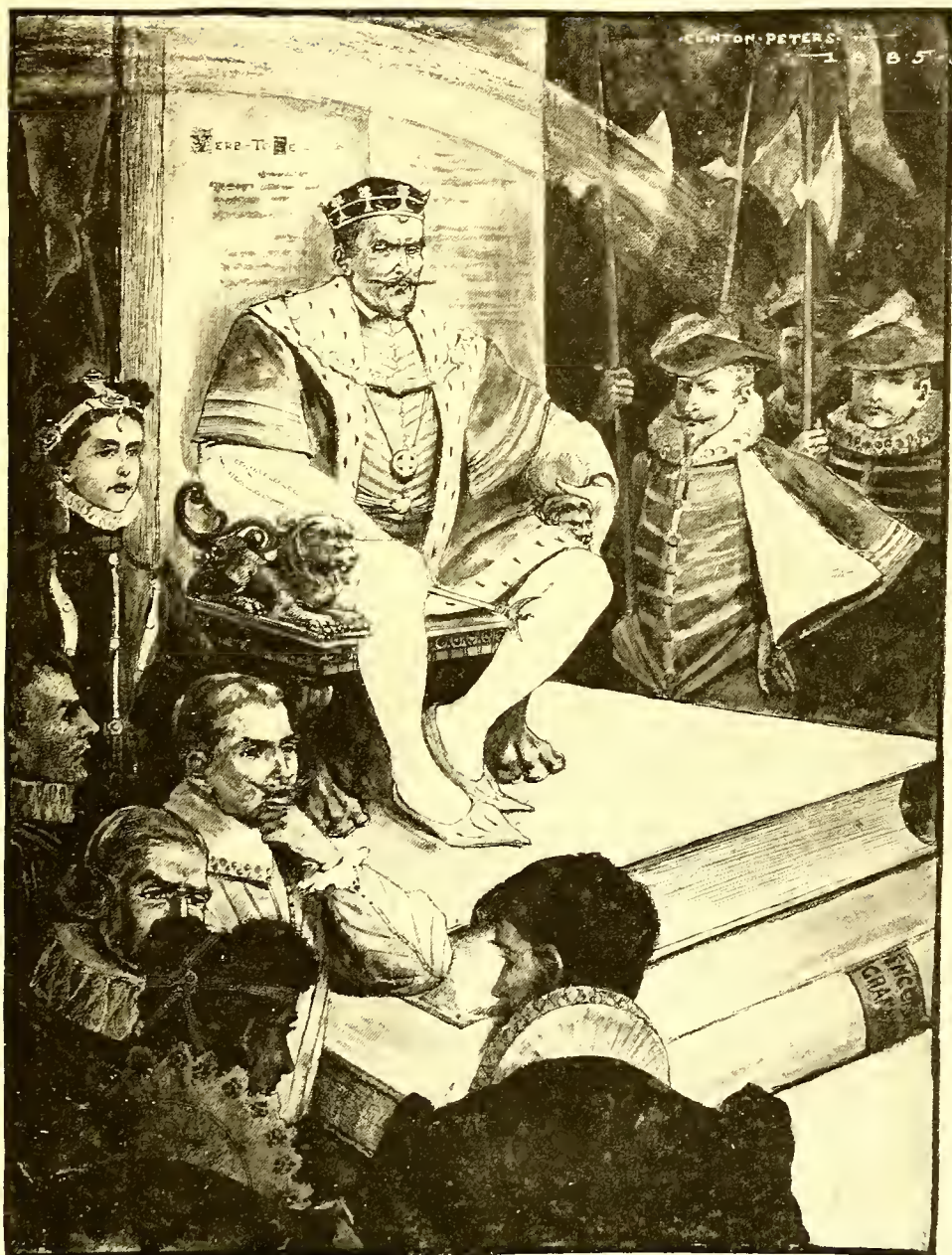
By and by the King called out in a loud voice,—
“Where is little Article, our page?”

Immediately a small boy, in a mighty pair of slippers, who looked a very little article indeed, stood trembling before the King.

“Well,” roared the King, “don’t stand loafing about here, but run as fast as you can to the royal presence of Queen Noun, and tell her we request her attendance.”

Whereat the little Article, trembling a great deal, skipped backward to the door, and then ran off as fast as he could.

“For,” said the King, trying to get off a poor joke, “how could King Verb be merry if the *object* of his thoughts and the *subject* of his affections be absent from his throne?”



"AWAY UP AT ONE END, UNDER AN IMMENSE RAINBOW, SAT A HAUGHTY-LOOKING KING; AND THE GAY AND FESTIVE PEOPLE RANGED THEMSELVES ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM."

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

This sally appeared to tickle all the gay and festive people amazingly, for they giggled a great deal, and were much annoyed because George Tulip did not



giggle also, although he could not for the world tell what they were having so much fun about.

One of them would have spoken to him had not his Majesty just then called out lustily to the man at the door, —

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

“Admit them instantly, Sir Preposition!”

Sir Preposition obediently drew back the curtain, and led forward a lady enveloped in a long, thick veil.



The King hopped down from his throne, he was in such a hurry, exclaiming as he went, in a very hoarse voice, —

“Allow thy lord to rend the midnight cloud, and behold the moon in all her glory.”

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

At the same time he lifted up the cloud, as he called it, and disclosed, not the slightest hint of a beauty, but the withered face of a hideous, old woman.



Then the King, I am ashamed to say, turned around, and shook his fist at the timid little Article.

"How dare you, minion," shrieked he, "point out this ugly, old Aunt Pronoun, placing her instead of the fairest princess living? Soldiers, soldiers!"

Here he turned almost blue in the face, and

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

motioned towards the puny little Article as though he were a lion.

"Seize the traitor!" hissed the King.

The soldiers were about to obey when a piercing scream rung out through the apartment.



Everybody looked round to see what had happened; and, sure enough, almost next to where George Tulip stood, a very spare court-lady had fallen into hysterics.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

"Oh, alas!" cried she, gasping the while like a fish; "ah me! alack! fiddle-dee-dee! How—can—he—be—so—cruel!"

Here she flung herself into somebody's arms, and was dragged from the room.

"Ho, ho!" said the King. "Who's that?"

"Lady Interjection," squeaked the little Article, nervously touching his hat.

"Lady Interjection, is it? Well, she had better stop if she knows what is good for her. However, that won't hinder our making short work of Aunt Pronoun. Soldiers!"

Again the soldiers marched up most decorously, when a handsome young courtier rushed forward, and threw himself at the feet of the King.

"My dear brother-in-law—I mean, your Majesty!"—he exclaimed, "can't you make up your royal mind to spare this dear, old party, remembering her infirmities? Oh, do so, I beseech you! Spare also my sister, Queen Noun! Call to mind her many pleasing qualities.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

"She is beautiful, charming, graceful, witty, loving, gentle" —

"Stop, stop, Adjective!" shouted the King: "you will drive us mad. Get up, and listen to my Lord Adverb, and do not kneel there, chattering like a magpie."



An aged and venerable man had approached King Verb.

As Adjective departed, George Tulip heard him whisper in the prime minister's ear, "Do your best to *modify* him."

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

The old man nodded sagaciously, and then addressed his sovereign in a low, clear voice.



“Your grace will pardon the rashness of an aged

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

man if I say you have acted somewhat hastily. The advice I give you is, to think slowly, coolly, deliberately, and wisely, and then act—kingly.”

“Excellent!” said the testy monarch, for he had cooled down considerably. “Let us hear what Aunt Pronoun can say for herself.”

The old lady seemed very cross at the way she had been abused. She drew herself up, and made the King wince, she looked at him so hard.

“I have nothing, sire, to say for myself,” she said, “save that the Queen, on receiving your message, bade me come with the news that you have a young prince born to you.”

You cannot imagine how the people shouted for joy at this announcement, and how the King smiled.

“We thank you for this glorious news, Madam Pronoun,” said the King, “and we beg you to pardon our sudden displeasure.

“In recompense, we will have to make you the prince’s godmother. What shall the name of his Royal Highness be? Speak.”

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Ladies of Pronoun's age are not so easy to make up with : so she looked injured, but at length began smiling.

"King Verb," said she, "I was much grieved at your anger, for it was entirely unmerited : but I re-



joice at your kindness ; and, in token of your having taken the Queen and myself again into court favor and your friendship, I will name the young prince — Conjunction."

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

“Hurrah!” cried George Tulip, he was so mightily pleased, “I see it all now!”

.

“I am glad you do,” said his teacher’s voice, close beside him; “but you had better get up now, else



you will take cold. It is pretty near sunset, and you have been sleeping on this grass nearly two hours.”

George Tulip sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked about him. There he was, in the woods, as natural as life. Could it have been a dream?

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Ha! what was that? He happened to spy the round robin looking over his nest, and *winking at him*.

He got up and followed his teacher, never speaking a word.

But from that day to this he firmly believed that what he saw was true, and from that day to this I don't believe he ever missed a grammar lesson.



• THE LAUGHING - - GAS • BROWNIES •

V.

“I WOULD like to ask you a very impertinent question,” said Alexander, on Thursday morning.

“And that is?” inquired the Red Indian.

“Whether your face is the likeness of one of our first Presidents?” replied Alexander.

“Oh, no!” answered the Red Indian. “My features are those of a noble red man, and my name—I will tell you privately—is Aborigine.

“But, in regard to Thursday,” the Red Indian went on, “the night after, it was his turn.

“He said that he was named after Thor, the god of thunder, who was the son of Woden.

“Then Thursday related his story.”



THE LAUGHING GAS BROWNIES.

THURSDAY'S STORY.

"Thursday's child is sour and sad."



JACK ROSES was inclined to be stout. His cheeks were sleek and red, with a little dent in each. He was continually whistling popular airs. Last winter he wore a brown velveteen suit and a broad linen collar.

His tiny sugar teeth used to be as white and sound as a mouse's; but the confectionery store, on the next corner but one, did not improve them.

He got so that it was more becoming not to laugh.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

One night he was awake several hours, with a hot pain in a right molar tooth.

The next morning his fat cheek was fatter and rosier than ever. So his mother put on her wraps, and took him around to Dr. Brown's.

Dr. Brown's pleasant smile showed a row of glittering oval teeth.

Jack Roses thought he would like to have a big straw-colored mustache himself, like Dr. Brown's, one of these days.

The doctor lifted him up in a huge red-plush chair with most of the nap worn off, and handed him a long worsted pipe, at the end of which was a nickel instrument, which Jack at first took for a stereopticon.

He was trying to look through it, when Dr. Brown told him to hold it to his mouth, and take a long breath. Two or three more, and he found himself growing awfully drowsy. Just as he was dropping off to sleep, he thought he heard the distant sound of ever so many pickaxes.



A. D. C. P.

"SO HIS MOTHER PUT ON HER WRAPS, AND TOOK HIM AROUND TO DR. BROWN'S."

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Jack raised his face up with a sudden jerk, and beheld at a short distance in front of him two enormous lips, which had a sort of vague resemblance to his own.



They were yawning wide open, and on the roundest part of the lower lip stood a Brownie about an eighth of an inch high.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

The Brownie was dressed like a miner. Its pantaloons were stuffed into a very rusty pair of boots, and a bright little light twinkled in its cap.

It held a similar light in its infinitesimally small hand, which it made passes with, to attract Jack Roses' attention.

"Goodie! How long you've kept me waiting!" it squeaked reproachfully.

"Who are you?" inquired Jack Roses.

"Who am I?" repeated the diminutive creature eagerly. "Why, Dr. Brown is Dr. Brown, I suppose; and we are the Brownies."

"What is a Brownie?" asked Jack Roses.

"One who is neither a Blackie nor a Whitie," replied the Brownie with some scorn.

"What is your name?" asked Jack Roses, who was apt to be inquisitive.

"My name is Foreman, and I want you to come over here," returned the Brownie.

Jack Roses went over, and stood by the side of the Brownie.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

At the same time he glanced down at himself, and wonderingly discovered that he was no taller than his companion.

The Brownie handed him the little spirit-lamp, with a wire hook on it for a handle, and together they walked through the wide-open lips.

By degrees Jack began to perceive that they had entered an immense cave.

Along the edges of the cave, above and below, glistened enormous white boulders, seamed with gold and silver; and at the back were two galleries of arches, sloping somewhere.

Swarms of dim but energetic brownie figures scampered and climbed here and there.

Some were solemnly riding up and down on a huge coral affair in the centre of the cave; but most of them were working for dear life, with pickaxes, among the white boulders.

Jack Roses clapped his hands delightedly at the hundreds and hundreds of shining lamps bobbing about.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

While he was enjoying this sight, Foreman whirled him round, and pointed in an opposite direction.

A multitude of Brownie miners, having loosened one of the largest boulders, were just about to heave it up.

They were tugging away with all their might on a mesh of gossamer ropes, which they had wrought about it.

He saw them brace themselves for a tremendous effort. They tugged, and pulled, and strained, as only Brownie miners can.

It seemed to Jack as if they were *hurting him*.

He shouted to them to stop.

The boulder swayed backward and forward as the hundred fine ropes tore it up from its sockets.

Foreman cried out that he feared it would fall and crush them.

As the boulder rose slowly, a deafening roar of pain burst from the two galleries of arches.

.

Jack Roses opened his eyes, and found himself,

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

half laughing, half crying, in the huge plush chair. His mother was smiling encouragement, and Dr. Brown good-naturedly handing him a glass of water.





· J FROST · ESQ ·

VI.

FRIDAY morning turned out to be wet and drizzling. The seasonable snow melted into unseasonable slush.

"Which do you like best," asked the Red Indian, "snow, or rain?"

Alexander made a shrill noise that was intended for a laugh.

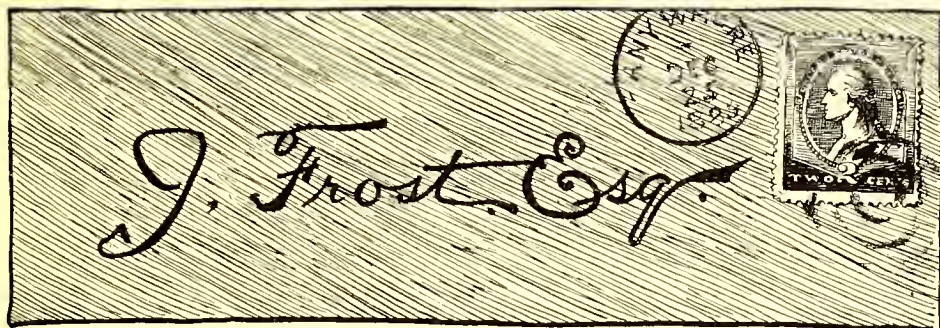
"That makes me think," he said, "of the game of 'London Bridge is falling down.' Two boys catch you round the neck, you know, and one of them asks you, 'Which will you have, a gold crown, or a diamond necklace?' And if you should say a diamond necklace, then the diamond-necklace boy shouts, 'Get behind me! Get behind me!'"

"It's awful nice. I like it much better than 'Sally Waters' or 'Green Gravel.' The children play it in South First Street every summer."

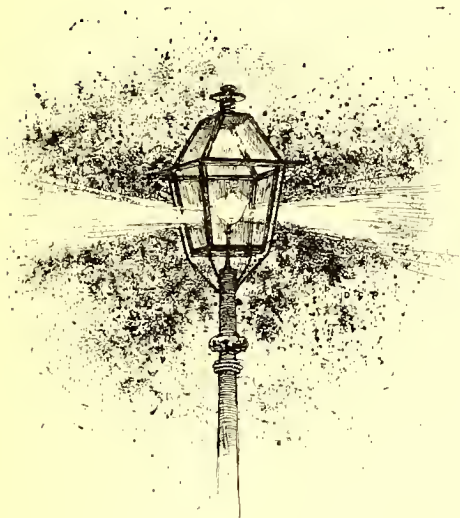
Alexander was thoughtfully watching the little globes of rain-water jumping on the window-glass in every direction.

"Do you know," he said, "whenever it rains, and I am thirsty, I just stick my tongue out, and the rain unthirsties me. But how about Friday, Mr. Indian?"

"Friday, too, had a godmother," returned the Red Indian. "Her godmother was Freya, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of love and beauty. I heard her tell the others about it, and then she related this story."



FRIDAY'S STORY.



"Friday's child is loving and giving."

THE big city was unusually glad that Christmas-eve. Its lamps winked at each other, having formed the resolution to put out the cold and darkness with their light.

The town became a paradise of cedar-trees and holly. The sleigh-bells jangled merrily the whole week long ; the frozen ponds were full of skating boys and

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

girls; and, presto change! the old folks turned to little children, then, if at no other time, remembering Him who was a child at Bethlehem.



Ah! life was one continual round of cornucopias, peppermint walking-sticks, and candy baskets.

On that same Christmas-eve, not far off from the largest toy-shop, down a dark alley, up four flights of rickety, creaky stairs, in a miserably naked room, lay a ragged girl about twelve years old, and a boy baby not more than three, both on a dirty mattress.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

There was a table in the room ; but one of its legs was shorter than the rest, and so the table limped when you touched it.

There was also a window whose broken pane was stuffed with a dowdy bonnet, and a dreary fireplace in which there was a rusty, worn-out shoe and a part of an old hoopskirt lying in the ashes.



The boy baby and the girl, his sister, were snuggling up to each other on the mattress, trying to keep warm ; but the tattered comfortable did not quite cover their little cold noses.

Presently, as the room became a shade darker, the gold in the square piece of sky which they stared at

through the window turned into purple behind the tall spire of the church.

“Lyde,” whispered the boy, “good-night ; I’m sleepy.”

He put his hand under his cheek, turned over, and there was a pause that was so unbroken that it seemed to ring.

The gray shadows stole into the room.

By and by a jolly round star popped out in the sky.

Pretty soon Lyde saw another, and then the moon.

It was as light now as if they were going to have a party ; but it was so cold.

The panes were freezing on the inside ; but ere long a white cloud swept over them, hiding the stars and the moon, yet not keeping out the lovely light which came rolling like a river of crystal motes into the room.

“My head feels hot,” said Lyde to herself. “If the warm would only go into my fingers !”

Here she cried out with pleasure at the transforma-



"SHE SAW THE STRANGEST-LOOKING OLD MAN IMAGINABLE, COMING TOWARDS HER."

tion taking place at the window. The panes were turning into splendid pictures of castles, and palm-trees, and falling water, and forests of ferns, and flying birds.

She remembered having seen them in the winters before, but they had never appeared so magnificent.

She whispered to herself, —

“I wish I could look at these always, instead of the dust, and tops of the houses, and the clothes hanging up to dry.”

Meanwhile the sash began stretching larger in quite a crazy way ; and down the road, underneath the feathery, silver trees, she saw the strangest-looking old man imaginable, coming towards her.

His clothes were trimmed with icicles, like fringe ; and the buttons on his coat were sleigh-bells, so that, whenever he walked, they made the pleasantest noise.

“Who are you?” said Lyde, in a low, frightened tone.

The old gentleman made a profound bow, and took off his hat.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

He had no sooner done this, than the top of his bald head reminded Lyde of a skating-pond, and all the little hairs seemed as if they were sliding up and down, and cutting fancy figures on the top.

"I am Jack Frost," answered the old gentleman, "and this is the entrance to Frostland."

"I should enjoy visiting the country very much," Lyde remarked.

"You could not have chosen a more favorable opportunity," replied Mr. J. Frost politely, "as Christmas-eve is the only night in the year when a mortal is allowed admittance.

"If you will kindly put your foot on that remnant of woodwork, and give me your hand, we will see what can be done for you.

"There: thanks."

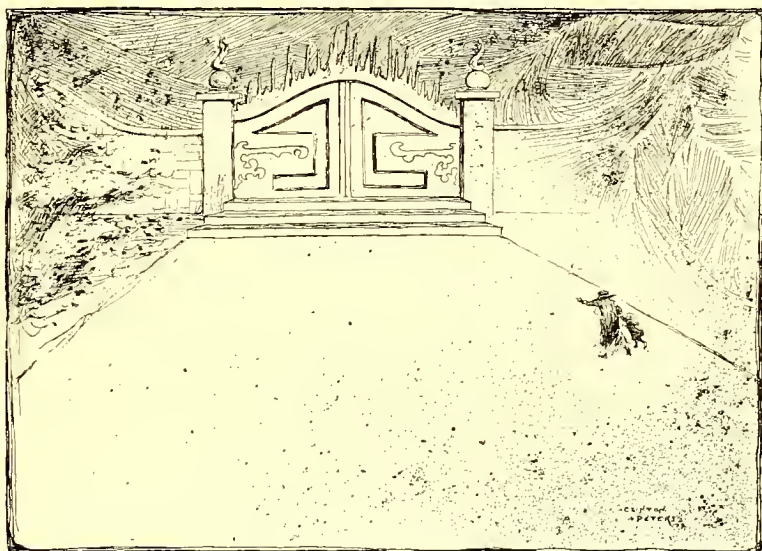
"What a wonderful place!" exclaimed Lyde, catching her breath, although it seemed the most natural thing in the world that she should be where she was.

"Why, what nice trees! they are made of silver,"

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

she said, "and the snow on them looks like diamonds."

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. J. Frost: "there's no question about it, they're diamonds of the *purest water*."



They walked on rapidly, and the girl was much amazed to find that Frostland was not flat, as she had supposed, but that you could really walk on its roads, and cross its bridges.

Only things were of such a chilly, silvery color, that it hurt her eyes, and made every object black, until she became accustomed to the glare.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Mr. J. Frost was very courteous. He never tired of showing her strange, beautiful sights, and took the keenest relish in surprising her.

At length they came to a large gate, made entirely of ice, which was dazzling to behold.

Mr. J. Frost knocked at the gate, and it was opened instantly by a tall, lank man, who carried a scythe, and was dressed in rather scanty clothing.

His knees were withered with age and cold, and Lyde's heart bled to look at them.

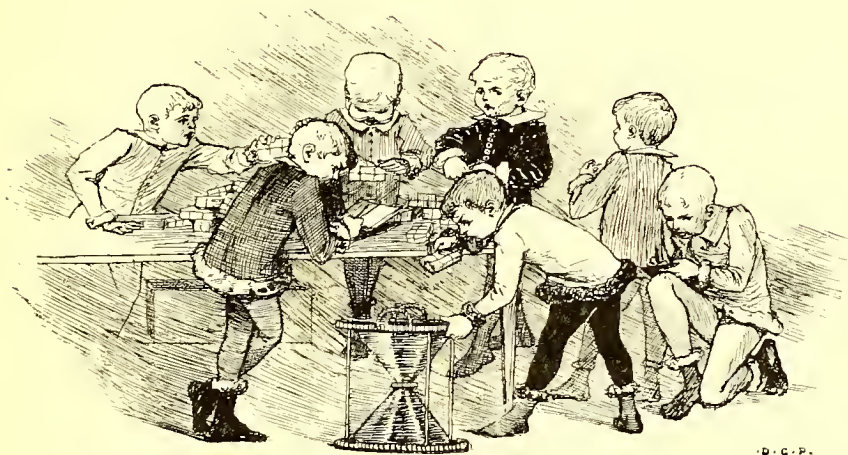
Her companion addressed him as "Old Father T.," so she supposed he must be the gardener.

She thought it too bad in him to cut down with his scythe such brilliant grass, as every blade was crusted with hundreds of sparkling jewels.

Entering the gate, they crossed over through a grove of white trees, and mounted a pair of slippery steps, down which she would surely have fallen, if good Mr. Frost had not held her up by his cold hand, and led her into a large hall, where ever so many children, in groups of seven, were busy doing up packages,

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

putting them in baskets, and checking them off in little memorandum-books.



“These,” said the old gentleman, “are the Day children. They belong to the years that have gone by.”

“But what are they tying up in the bundles?” asked Lyde.

“Those are all the things that have happened,” returned Mr. J. Frost.

They passed through the midst of these children, who paid no attention whatever to either of them, but

who worked on soberly, as if they feared they would never be able to finish what they had undertaken.

They next entered another hall, filled also with troops of children who were much younger-looking, and, Lyde thought, more agreeable.

They were playing games and frolicking with one another.

As soon as Mr. J. Frost and Lyde had entered, they were greeted with a cry of joy.

"See here, children," said Mr. J. Frost, "I have brought you a little mortal girl to play with."

They gathered around her, and eagerly pressed her to tell them about the world she had come from.

She had not a great deal to tell; and she gave such a doleful account of what she knew, that they hurriedly changed the subject, and one of them proposed a game of "Blindman's Buff."

"These are the Days that are to Be," whispered Mr. J. Frost.

The Days that were to Be would not hear of Lyde's leaving them until she had joined the game: so they

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

all, including Mr. J. Frost, fell to romping as hard as ever they could.

At length Lyde said she was tired and out of breath, although she plainly saw that never happened to the Days that were to Be.



Her new friend next showed her still another room, and this was the most fascinating of any.

Hundreds of boys and girls were busy making toys, and rushing about with heaps of painted Noah's arks, and red, brown, and blue Shems, Hams, and Japheths, besides no end of wax and china dolls, having actually human hair on their heads, which might be put up or let down at will.

But the ingenuity and wonder of the other toys could not be here enumerated.

Lyde stopped spell-bound in front of one of these doll masterpieces, and, without uttering a word, gazed for at least five blissful minutes.

The doll was attired like a fashionable lady, and wore jewelry which was large in proportion to its size. Its vermilion lips curled haughtily, and its yellow ringlets were glued to its forehead with gilt-paper stars.

"If I was the person," Lyde thought, "who owned that lady, I should name her Roxana."

"These toys are for the children whom Santa Claus had no time to see to on Christmas," said Mr. J. Frost.

"But, dear me! If I don't hurry, I'll miss my dinner."

"And I think it's time for me to be getting back," observed Lyde.

"Since you must tear yourself away, then," replied the old gentleman, "allow me to see you to the door."

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

He turned the knob ; and, as they were going out, they met one of the Days that are to Be, dressed in a new suit of clothes.

“Hello, there!” shouted Mr. J. Frost. “Show this young lady to Frostland ; and, her for a call on

“But Santa Claus has gone to sleep, and to be disturbed,” that is to Be. will show her



the entrance of if she likes, take Santa Claus.”

Claus has gone does not wish said the Day “However, I his house.”

“Very well,” answered Mr. J. Frost. “Good-by, Lyde, and a Happy New Year to you : you are with the First Day of the New Year.”

As Lyde turned to thank him, the door slammed, and she found he had disappeared into the house ; while Happy New Year took hold of her hand, and ran with all his might.

They passed Santa Claus’ house, which was in the shape of a big bon-bon box, and entirely surrounded

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

by Christmas-trees ; but Happy New Year was in such wild haste, that he refused to stop, and ran on with her, until, before they knew it, they came plump up against Father T., who was opening the gate for a ragged, forlorn little beggar, laden down with bundles.

“ That,” said Father T. solemnly, and his voice chimed like a clock, “ is the last Day of the Old Year.”



Lyde's head began to swim, and she forgot every thing.

When she looked about her, she was in the old room, and it was daylight.

But it was not the old room exactly.

Strange to relate, there was a fire roaring up the chimney, which had never seen such a fire before.



"BY HER BABY BROTHER, WHO WAS EATING BREAD AND MILK OUT OF A CHINA
MUG, WAS A LADY DRESSED IN SILK AND FURS."

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

On the table by the window there was a white damask cloth laid; but, wonder of wonders, by her baby brother, who was eating bread and milk out of a china mug, was a lady dressed in silk and furs, who had so gentle a pair of eyes, that Lyde loved her there and then.

On his knees at the hearth, putting wood on the fire, was a darkey boy, whom the lady called "Tickle;" while a doctor, with gold spectacles on his nose, was leaning over her, holding a watch.

She caught sight of a proud, black footman, wearing cream-colored smalls, and a bottle-green coat magnificent with silver buttons, who was entering with a basket on his arm, crammed with goodies.

"Denzie," said the lady, "open the basket."

Denzie's face wore a look of condescending pride when the lady spoke; but he obeyed, and opened the basket.

"I never should dare to call him any thing but the 'brown gentleman,'" thought Lyde. Then she closed her eyes, and her head began to swim.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

She had a feeling of being taken to a big house, where she was nursed and cared for by the lady with gentle eyes ; that her brother had wholesome food ; and that there was no cold there.



At length she was able to be bolstered up on soft pillows, and to look at books with pictures in them. Soon she was strong enough to walk about some, and play.

One morning the lady with gentle eyes—who, by the way, had never told her how she came to find them on that Christmas morning—asked her to go

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

into the parlor and meet the "brown gentleman," who had brought a friend to see her.

And when she ran into the parlor, what was the very first thing she saw, but the "brown gentleman" holding the same doll Mr. J. Frost had shown her, and the ear-rings in its rosy ears quivering with delight.

Lyde, too happy to speak, but rapturous with gratitude, named the doll Roxana on the spot.





• THE ANGEL AND THE PANSIES •

VII.

IT was Saturday morning. Charlotte Russe passed the window on her way to work, laughing and nodding gayly at her small friend.

The Red Indian turned to Alexander.

"I hope," he said, "I do not weary you with my narrative."

"Weary me?" repeated Alexander. "No, sir; I could never tire of such rare and strange amusements."

"As for Saturday's conversation and story," continued the Red Indian, "I am not positive at this moment whether I did not dream it myself.

"The more I try to think, the more bewildered I grow.

"Perhaps I fell asleep in the gutter, and made up a story of my own.

"At least, my impression is, that Saturday said he was named after Saturn, the god of agriculture; and I think that this was his story."

THE ANGEL AND THE PAN SIES.

D.C.P.

SATURDAY'S STORY.

"And Saturday's child must work for his living."



ONCE upon a time,—I am going to begin in the dear old-fashioned way,—a long while ago (so long ago that the date is forgotten), in a delightful country (which I make no doubt is down in Cornell's Geography), there lived a little maid named Liechen, who had a tiny brother called Paul.

Now, Liechen was an unpleasant girl, and nobody liked her.

She plagued and tormented every one she knew, until they wished she was in the bottom of the Sea of Kamtchatka, or the Sea of Okhotsk, or some other remote place.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

Even Baby Paul, who was so sweet and gentle that the robins would fly down and eat out of his puggy hands, and the gay sunbeams loved to play all day in his golden locks, and kissed him every



night as soon as their papa the Sun called them home,—even Baby Paul was a miserable baby whenever Liechen undertook to entertain him.

Often she carried him upside down, smashed his toys, interrupted his naps, made him scream, pinched

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

him on the sly, or prevented him from comfortably swallowing his fist.

But Liechen was not allowed to keep her brother very long ; for sometimes it happens, when we do not value the blessings we possess, they are taken from us, and we never see or have them again.

It was so with Liechen. There came a day when Baby Paul no longer toddled through the flowers in search of robins and sunbeams.

The roses in the round cheek turned white and pale ; the fringed lids were drawn closely over his clear, blue eyes ; and the whole house was so still that the tall Dutch clock in the passage ticked and ticked, louder than it ever had before.

Then they put Baby Paul's best frock on him, and laid a spotless rose on his bosom ; and the people all wept, while the good minister read a prayer.

After a while they carried Baby Paul away with them, Liechen did not know whither, for her eyes were blinded with hot tears.

She ran into the garden, so that nobody could

see her. Hiding her face in the cool grass, she thought bitterly of all the unkind things she had said and done to Baby Paul.

Oh, if she could unsay them and undo them! but now it was too late.

The wind rustled through the trees, and murmured, "Shame, Liechen! shame!"



"Shame!" rang out the flowers, bending down their heads.

"Shame!" sang the birds from their nests among the blossoms.

"Shame!" purred white Grimalkin, strolling toward the gate, and curling her soft tail.

She knew they all disliked her, and she felt that she deserved it.



"A SNOW-WHITE ANGEL STOOD BEFORE LIECHEN."

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

She was wretched and unhappy.

“If I could but receive a message from my baby brother!” exclaimed the child.

Presently she heard the fluttering of wings above her.

She looked up, and beheld, through her tears, a dove hovering in the blue sky.

And while she looked, something wonderful happened.

The dove began to grow larger and larger. Its wings spread themselves together, and made dark shadows in the path. Its plumage turned to a long, glittering robe; and its head, around which a bright silver light was glowing, became the face and flowing hair of a kind, beneficent spirit.

A snow-white angel stood before Liechen.

“I am the one,” he said, “who carries the little children up to Paradise. I can give you news of Baby Paul. Yesterday morn I bore him through yonder cloudless sky. He is now with the others, happy, and near the Christ-child.”

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

“Will I ever go there too?” inquired Liechen wonderingly.

“That will be known in the future,” he answered, smiling. “Come.”

The kind Angel led the little maid by the hand, and showed her a mound of earth, which she had not discovered until then, in the garden.

“See, there is a bed of weeds,” said the Angel. “Stoop down and brush them aside.”

Liechen did as she had been commanded, and lo! in the centre of the bed grew a purple pansy, the heart of which was gold.

“This bed of weeds,” continued the gentle spirit, “are all the naughty acts you have committed; the pansy growing solitary there, is a token of your tears of repentance. No one can enter Paradise until their lives are as sweet and holy as this flower.

“Before I come to take you hence, you must pull up all the weeds: and for every good deed that you do, a pansy will spring up; but every time you sin, a weed will appear.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

“When the garden-plot is full of flowers, I will come and bear you hence.”

The snow-white Angel spread his beautiful wings, and disappeared in the deep blue of the sky.

Then the little girl sat down disconsolately by the side of her garden-plot, and fell to bemoaning her lot.

What was it possible for her to do, she wondered.

Surely the Angel required something beyond her strength, very heroic and noble. Where was the use, she thought, of trying.

She looked up, and perceived a ragged, lantern-jawed beggar leaning against the gate, gazing at her with hungry eyes.

The Angel's visit must already have exerted its influence over her.

She ran towards him, and helped him to come into the pleasant garden.

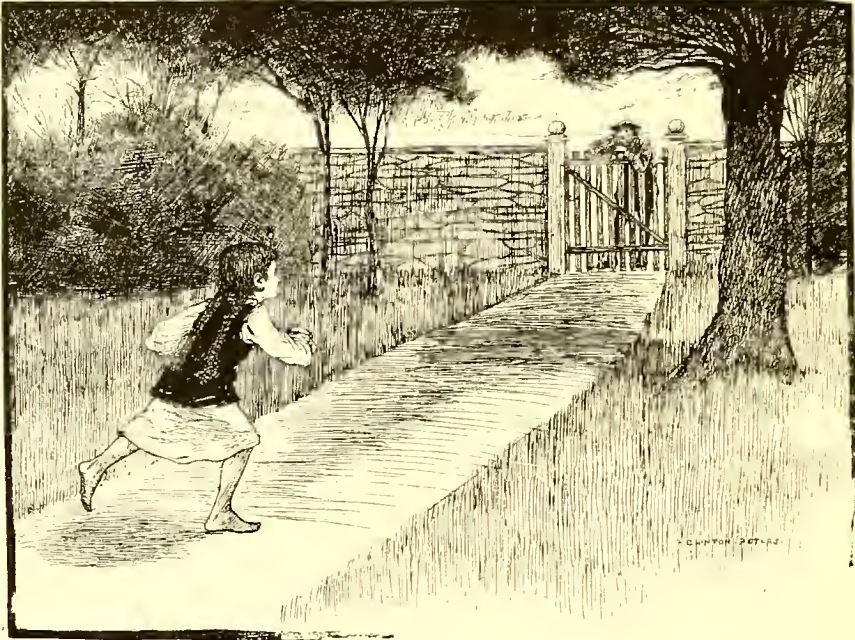
Then, entering the cottage, she returned, holding a bowl of foaming milk and a large loaf of bread.

And while the weary beggar rested in the grateful shade, and regaled himself, the little maid talked gayly

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

to him, and cheered him, so that he remembered the tones of her voice for many a day.

After refreshing himself, the beggar rose and blessed



her, and bade her good-by, leaving a glow of contentment in Liechen's heart.

When she turned again to the bed of weeds, she saw that a precious pansy had bloomed since she had been there last.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

But I am afraid that it would make a long story if I should relate how often Liechen was tempted to give way to sadness.

From time to time she would catch a glimpse of the face of the Angel, and that would give her courage to fulfil her task.

She was not the same child that she had been in days gone by; the flowers of love, and pity, and compassion were blooming in her heart as well.

One morning she started for a walk in the great forest.

She was very fond of going there alone. It made her feel how grand the mighty world was, and how vast and merciful the God who made it.

Suddenly she stopped and knelt down in the middle of the path. A young bird had fallen from its nest and broken its wing.

Liechen took it tenderly in her arms, and carried it home.



THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

There she watched and nursed it, until finally it almost regained its strength.

But in the mean time, while the bird became well and strong, the delicate limbs of the little maiden had lost their buoyancy, and a languor stole over her, so that for many hours she tossed on her bed, with the sharp pain shooting across her brows, and a burning thirst tormenting her throat.

At last, on a delicious morning in spring, she awoke from a troubled sleep, and heard the bird pouring forth a carol of gratitude to its dear mistress.

As it ceased singing, she beheld the Angel standing beside the couch.

He took her hand.

At the touch of this divine being, the fever and the weariness vanished, and she experienced a new life of health and joy.

Once more the Angel said, "Come!"

And, taking her hand, he led her into the garden.

"Look!" said the Angel, pointing to the mound.

"The pansies are all grown now."

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

And, looking, she saw that it was true.

“Am I ready yet?” whispered Liechen.

“Yes,” answered the kind Angel, folding her close, “you are ready to dwell with Baby Paul, who is waiting near the Christ-child in Paradise.”





VIII.

NEW Year's Day and Sunday morning both together!

Alexander offered to shake hands with the Red Indian in congratulation, but, immediately remembering that the Red Indian had nothing to shake, drew his own back in confusion at his rudeness.

The Red Indian graciously forgave him, and started out to entertain him for the last time.

"Sunday," said the Red Indian, "asserted that she was named after Sol, the sun. Here is her story."



TINY LINK.

SUNDAY'S STORY.

**"But the child that is born on the sabbath day
Is blithe, and bonnie, and good, and gay."**

SHE called herself "Pittiley Pet Tinnellink."
She must have meant, "Pretty little pet,
Tiny Link," for this is what her good
papa called her; only at first she could
not talk plainly, and she had gone on
saying it in her own childish fashion ever since.

When it began to be near Christmas, Tiny Link
made up her mind to write a few lines to Santa
Claus, to jog his memory, and suggest what to bring her.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

She printed out, with great care and pains, on



half a sheet of foolscap, a list of the presents, and sealed it in a monstrous blue envelope.

This she handed to the gray postman the next



"SHE KNEW IT WAS SANTA CLAUS, BECAUSE HE WAS MUFFLING HIS HANDS IN HIS SLEEVE,
JUST LIKE THE IMAGE OF HIM ON THE TOP BRANCH OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREES."

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

morning, and requested him to deliver it to Santa Claus.

The gray postman laughed, and said he would be proud to do so. He even put it in his upstairs pocket, so as not to get it mixed with his other letters in the post-bag.

Then she waited eagerly for an answer.

It was a day or two before Christmas, and the weather was delightfully cold and snappy.

Tiny Link was out with her sleigh, coasting up and down, and having a glorious time.

Just as she was crossing the street, whom should she see turn the corner, and come towards her, but Santa Claus himself.

She knew it was Santa Claus, because he was muffling his hands in his sleeve, just like the image of him on the top branch of the Christmas-trees.

Besides, he had long, yellowish-white hair and beard, cheeks as beaming and red as a Granny Winkle, and a smile that made one warm, and pleasant, and young.

Tiny Link ran right to him, and held up her face to be kissed.

"Please, Mister Santa Claus, you did not answer my letter," she said, gently reproaching him.

The old gentleman gave a little jump, but presently smiled one of his beautiful smiles.

"No," he replied; "er — I have — er — so many letters to answer, that I must have overlooked yours."

"But you won't," said Tiny Link, shaking her first finger at him, "forget the doll with coral ear-rings, will you?"

"Coral ear-rings, was it?" repeated Santa Claus reflectively.

"Yes," she answered, with clasped hands and pleading eyes; "and a marble mantel-piece for the doll's house, with a red tinsel fire in the grate."

Santa Claus took both her wee hands in his big cosey ones, and asked her what her name was.

"Pittiley Pet Tinnellink," she returned promptly.

"Oh!" said Santa Claus, as though he remembered her perfectly. "Well, Miss —, ahem! I wish

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

you would meet me here at this corner on the afternoon before Christmas, and I will bring the things to you."

Pshaw! he was gone without once alluding to the mysterious subject of chimneys, and she had at least a hundred questions on the tip of her tongue about which she wanted to be put right.

She waited for him a good hour on the afternoon before Christmas. At last she spied him trotting up the street laden with presents.

She was so frightened when he came up, and her heart was so in her mouth, that she summoned just enough voice to wish him the "compell-ments of the season."

As the old gentleman stooped down to good-naturedly give her a kiss, he filled her two arms with a bundle of toys.

Instantly she caught sight, through a chink in the brown paper, of a wax ear with a coral ear-ring, and a blaze of red tinsel which evidently belonged to a marble mantel-piece.

THE CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

But wasn't it funny! Santa Claus made a dreadful mistake. For that very Christmas-eve, long after the last mail had been delivered, there was the gray postman ringing at the basement-door, with another doll with coral ear-rings, and another marble mantel-piece with tinsel fire in the grate, for Tiny Link.



CONCLUSION.

THE garrulous Red Indian ceased speaking. He turned his face back against the penny, as if it was more comfortable that way.

Alexander leaned over to thank him, and heard him complain of his having a bone in his throat.

The Red Indian was never known to speak again.

That night Alexander's mother had just got home from meeting, and was laying aside her "things," when her son addressed her.

"Mother," said he, "on what day of the week was I born?"

"Sunday, sure," answered his mother briskly, pulling the bow loose in her bonnet-strings.

Alexander thought it over for some time, and then repeated softly to himself, —

"The child that is born on the sabbath day
Is blithe, and bonnie, and good, and gay.'"

"And now my story's done."

